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THE

Commonweal

America's Image Abroad

How We Appear to Europeans

by Thomas Molnar

Vindication for the Nisei

Righting a National Wrong

by Ted Le Berthon

ABRAHAM: A POEM . . . . . *by Daniel Berrigan*
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olume LXIX, No. 16 January 16, 1959 Twenty-Five Cents

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THE MONTH, 114 Mount Street, London, W.1.

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 399

America's Image Abroad
by Thomas Molnar 403

Abraham: A Poem
by Daniel Berrigan 405

Vindication for the Nisei
by Ted Le Berthon 406

Signed, "Anxious"
by Jean Holzhauer 409

The Exile: A Poem
by Larry Rubin 411

The Right to Teach
by John Cogley 412

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 413

Of Note: Psychoanalysis and Confession
by Marc Oraison 414

Books 416

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

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U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

UNITY AND PEACE

EARLY IN HIS first public address Pope John XXIII directed to all Christians an eloquent appeal which manifested his special concern for the Orthodox Church and other Christian bodies. These sentiments are said to date back to the new Pontiff's warm personal contacts with Orthodox leaders when he was representative of the Holy See in Bulgaria, then Turkey, and then Greece, over a period of twenty years. His solicitude for the reunion of Christendom is one of the many qualities that have already greatly endeared Pope John to men of many persuasions.

On the eve of the Church Unity Octave it is particularly appropriate to call attention to this emphasis in the new Pope's outlook. The Octave, which was founded by the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement of Graymoor, N. Y., when they were Anglicans, and which has been celebrated annually in many lands for half a century, extends from January 18 (Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome) to January 25 (Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul). The Friars continue to sponsor this week of prayer for religious unity, of prayer that "all may be one."

In his first Christmas message Pope John XXIII expresses anew his dedication to the cause of Christian reunion: "The vexing problem of the broken unity of the heritage of Christ still remains, and obstacles still hinder its solution. It will be a long road of burdening difficulties and uncertainties. The sadness of this sorrowful observation does not arrest, nor will it arrest, we hope to God, the effort of our soul to continue the loving invitation to our dear separated brothers, who also carry on their foreheads the name of Christ, and who read His holy and blessed Gospel, and who are not insensible to the inspirations of religious piety, of beneficent and blessed charity."

In addition to its stress on Christian unity, important passages in Pope John's Christmas message link it directly with the peace program outlined by Pius XII on similar occasions over the course of nearly two decades. The present Pope takes pains to spell out the direction of his predecessor's injunctions on peace to the faithful and to the peoples of the world. He extols Pius XII's preoccupation with the conditions that make for lasting peace with justice in the world; his concern for the prerequisites for internal and international order; his emphasis on peace.

HERE is perhaps the heart of Pope John's Christmas message: "For one wishing to sum up in two comprehensive words the living substance of this teaching contained in the nineteen Christmas messages and twenty volumes of the rich collection of the written and spoken words of Pius XII, it is enough to utter these words: unity and peace.

"These words support the entire world, from its creation to the consummation of history; in this there is unity. They express the beneficent and fruitful light of the grace of Christ, Son of God and Redeemer and Glorifier of mankind; in this there is peace. The only condition required on the part of man is good will, which is also a grace of God, but which must be freely conditioned upon man's response. The lack of this response of human freedom to God's call to the service of His merciful designs constitutes the most terrible problem of human history and of the lives of individual men and peoples.

"The commemoration of the birth of Jesus never ceases to renew each year the announcement of the same doctrine, and on the same theme: unity and peace. Unfortunately human history records at the beginnings a bloody episode: brother killed

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brother. The law of love, which the Creator had imprinted on the heart of man, was torn by an evil will which suddenly led humanity onto the paths of injustice and disorder. Unity was broken and it took nothing less than the intervention of the Son of God Himself, Who accepted through obedience to reconstruct the holy bonds of the human family, so soon compromised. And the price of its reconstitution was His own blood.

"This reconstitution still goes on. Jesus founded a Church, impressing upon it the character of unity, achieved by gathering to itself all human nations under its immense shelter which extends from sea to sea. Oh, why could not this unity of the Catholic Church heeded directly and through the divine call to the interests of social peace, why could it not be applied also to the recomposition of racial differences and the differences between nations mutually attentive to the purposes of living together in society, confirmed by laws of justice, and by fraternity? . . .

"The birth of the Lord is an announcement of unity and of peace in all the world. It is a renewed pledge of good will put to the service of order; of justice and of fraternity toward all Christian nations come together in a common desire for understanding; of great respect for the holy liberty of collective life in the threefold religious, civic and social order. . . ."

LUNIK

IN AN AGE of wonders, who can be awed by another? Yet the cosmic rocket, the "Lunik," which Russia has sent into orbit around the sun is a scientific achievement which is literally wonderful, and if we fail to respond to it as such it can only be because our imaginations have been tamed and dulled by successive scientific feats.

Unfortunately, however, our reaction to such achievements cannot be unalloyed awe and wonder. While the new satellite may represent a scientific advance for mankind, it represents more particularly an advance for the U.S.S.R. Once again it is impressed upon the people of the United States that we are lagging in scientific, technological and military areas, that our leadership has not been wholly adequate to the challenge of the space age, that it has shown insufficient vision.

Until that distant day when our ability to create a world order is commensurate with our scientific and technological abilities, our response to wonders such as "Lunik" must thus be mixed.

REVOLUTION IN CUBA

THE LONG STRUGGLE of Cuban Fidel Castro and his followers against the dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista has ended in a complete and surprisingly sudden victory for the revolutionaries. Throughout the course of this struggle, the Batista-censored news and propaganda made it difficult for us in the United States to know and interpret what was going on in Cuba, and few among us—including our State Department—realized that General Batista's government could in the end be so swiftly and easily brought down.

Now that the revolution has been accomplished, however, and the brutal dictator toppled from his seat by a movement sworn to establish democracy in Cuba, most citizens of the United States feel a decided sense of satisfaction. This satisfaction is, in a freedom-loving land, understandable and proper, but it must be tempered by an awareness of the fact that Fidel Castro's triumph is not the end but the beginning of a story, a story with many painful chapters still to be written.

First of all, there is the consideration that Castro himself, and his intentions for a Cuba liberated from Batista, remain largely unknown quantities. His cause dedicated itself to principles of freedom and democracy, and there is no reason to disbelieve the frequent declarations of his political faith, but there is still the hard question of what these principles will mean when translated into specific political terms.

Beyond this there is the practical problem of maintaining orderly government in a state so torn by clashing political groups, groups with a demonstrated willingness to resort to violence. Opposition to the corruption and brutality of the Batista regime was enough to unite adherents of the whole spectrum of politico-economic belief, but the unification of these groups and parties, in common support of an honest, representative government, is not, unfortunately, an automatic consequence of General Batista's defeat.

A lesser problem, perhaps, for Cuba's new leaders, but one which is of great importance to the United States, is how they will deal with the legacy of bitter anti-Yankee feeling which is the result of U.S. support of the deposed Batista. Castro has already voiced a willingness to establish "friendly" relations with United States, but it will not be soon forgotten in Cuba that Batista's guns and planes were made in the U.S.A. and that his staunchest supporters too often included the United States Ambassador.

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All in all, the task confronting the new Cuban government—the establishment of a working political organization and a sound economic system on the ruins of two and a half decades of bribery, waste and police-state terrorism—is an immense one. It can be done, of course; we hope it will be done. And if what has happened thus far is no cause for thoughtless jubilation, we hail it nonetheless as good news—for Cuba, for Latin America, for the United States, for the world. We hope the good news will continue.

AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL

CONGRESSMAN Francis Walter has ambitious plans for his House Un-American Activities Committee. If he has his way, the powers and functions of the Committee of which he is chairman would be vastly expanded to give it control over immigration, naturalization and passport legislation. This change would involve the transfer to the Walter Committee of many powers now held by three other House Committees—Judiciary; Education and Labor; and Foreign Affairs. The new and vastly more powerful body would then be known as the Committee on Internal Security, Nationality and Migration, with, of course, Congressman Walter as chairman.

Under other circumstances, perhaps some kind of theoretical case could be made for the consolidation of powers proposed by Congressman Walter. We must say, though, that even in theory it is not a case that strikes us as very convincing; combining the goal of internal security and immigration would be too likely to lead to a false goal of "total security" by way of no immigration. But whatever agreements might be advanced in theory on behalf of this consolidation of power, in practice the proposal is completely unpalatable.

The record of the House Un-American Activities Committee is, to understate the case, unimpressive. For every good thing it has achieved, it has perpetrated many more stupidities. Entrusted with a serious national problem that called for sobriety and responsibility, the Committee has usually been flamboyantly irresponsible. Over the years it has consistently delighted extremists and indulged the prejudices of some of its members; in dealing with real problems of subversion, however, it has fallen far short of that minimum measure of accomplishment the citizen has a right to expect.

Beyond this, there is the whole question of what our national immigration policy should be. Congressman Walter co-authored the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act of 1952, which enshrined and perpetuated features which are grossly discriminatory against citizens of such countries as Italy and Greece. He has always displayed a negative and grudging attitude on the entire subject of immigration—an attitude, it should be noted, that would have kept a good percentage of the parents or grandparents of present-day citizens out of the country if he had written the law during the period of heavy immigration. In recognition of this fact, both political parties are officially on record in favor of drastic changes in the immigration policies with which Congressman Walter is identified. Yet now it is being seriously argued that he be given a position of dominance over all legislation dealing with the subject.

Unless the proposal is withdrawn under editorial fire, the plan to give Congressman Walter and his committee the vastly expanded role he seeks is scheduled to come up for consideration very soon. If it attracts very much support, it will produce a bitter fight on the floor of the House. It certainly should, and the fight should have only one outcome: resounding defeat for Congressman Walter's bid for new power.

POLICEMAN'S LOT

THE THREAT by James Hoffa of the Teamsters Union to organize the New York police —if it ever really existed—has passed, but it was a nine-day wonder while it lasted. The Mayor and the Police Commissioner issued regular battle communiques, the cartoonists had a field day with the idea of a unionized police department, and editorials all over the country waxed eloquent over the specter of Mr. Hoffa as Police Commissioner *ex officio*.

In actual fact, at this stage in Mr. Hoffa's career we would rate his chances of organizing policemen in New York or anywhere else as very slim. Suppose he could, though—what then? The mayors and police commissioners around the country, we would suggest, are not addressing themselves to the real problem. It may be correct to say that policemen should not belong to unions, and it is certainly correct to say that they should not be able to go on strike. But policemen in New York and elsewhere do have real grievances, and we see no reason why more adequate arbitration machinery could not be devised to deal with them. Hoffa is fair game these days, but in the long run a satis-

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factory method of dealing with complaints would be more effective than denunciations.

RELIGION ON THE STAGE

THE UNITED STATES is frequently called a Christian country, and the term can, of course, be justified. But of the notable contrasts which would strike a foreign observer of our cultural scene one of the most striking would be that between the deference shown to "religion" ("Be loyal to the Church of your choice") and the comfortable ignorance of things religious. This contrast can be seen in the academy, where there is frequently more ignorance than deference, and in the market place, but nowhere probably is it more evident than in the theater.

The intellectual innocence many critics displayed when confronted with "J.B." is something less than edifying. It is not that they could not adequately cope with the Book of Job, upon which the play drew. An open acknowledgment of the difficulties of such a labor would, indeed, have been refreshing. The disheartening fact is that the profundity of the religious questions posed by the Book of Job was given short shrift by critics who thought that it would yield to the same ready competence they brought to "J.B."

While disheartening, such reactions can no longer come as a surprise to those who recall the inept analyses of the religious aspects of "The Living Room," "The Diary of a Country Priest," "The Miracle" and other productions. But when *The Power and the Glory,* a work that is usually regarded as Greene's best and one that has been discussed and analyzed at length, is brought to the stage in a fine production, one has a right to expect a response that is at least knowledgeable. But, in several instances at least, these expectations would have been frustrated.

Those familiar with the novel will recall the scene in which the weak, hunted "whisky priest" is finally able to buy some wine without which he cannot offer the Mass—only to see the wine drunk by the corrupt people he has had to bribe to sell it to him. The priest's search for wine for the Mass is insistent throughout the work, and this particular scene is one of the most moving in the current production. Yet one critic, Richard Watts, Jr., of the New York *Post,* wrote of the play: "Its central character is a drunken, lecherous Catholic priest, who has an illegitimate daughter and spends the money given him by his parishioners on wine." And a usually sensitive and perceptive critic, Jerry Tallmer of the *Village Voice,* wrote of the "incident in the hotel room where a policeman and a corrupt politician inhumanly torture the poor whisky-craving priest by drinking before his eyes the liquor they have just illegally sold him. . . ."

Is the knowledge that bread and wine are necessary for the celebration of Mass really such an esoteric bit of information? To be unaware of this one must be largely unaware of both the Old and the New Testament; of discussions, debates, and religious schisms which form a significant part of Western history; of figure and symbolism in Western art and literature; of, in short, a great deal of Western culture.

Whatever the reason for the ignorance about this crucial point in Greene's play, the ignorance itself clearly disqualifies much of what these critics have to say about the play—even the praise which they bestow. For where something so significant is lost or misunderstood, some imbalance of critical perception and judgment is inevitable.

CHINESE PUZZLE

THE SIGNIFICANCE of Mao Tse-tung's "demotion" from his position as chief of state in Communist China, discussed in these pages two weeks ago, continues to be the subject of intense speculation throughout the Western world. It is always a temptation to believe what we want to believe, and it is surely tempting to believe, as some do, that the Peiping government is seething with behind-the-scenes dissensions and rivalries. There is some evidence to suggest this—Mao's unusual decision to withdraw from his state post, the sudden decision by Peiping to halt the extension of Mao's commune system, the announcement of certain relaxations in that system, even the sheer persistence of the unverified reports of conflict in government circles and of popular resistance. There is, unfortunately, nothing conclusive in any of these facts and rumors, and there is comparable evidence which points in quite the opposite direction.

Obviously it is of the utmost importance for the United States to know what really is happening in China, that we may plan and act in accordance with fact rather than speculation. And maybe it is not inappropriate at this time to consider the United States—or rather John Foster Dulles—policy which forbids our newsmen to enter China, which condemns us to this perilous ignorance of facts we need so badly.

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America's Image Abroad

When the average American travels abroad, he is equipped with a set of beliefs and expectations which tell him that he must be a political missionary

by THOMAS MOLNAR

I DID NOT invent the problem; it exists in the minds of millions of Americans and of hundreds of thousands of American tourists. There are some of the ways the problem is formulated: Are we liked by other nations? Do we convey to them a correct image of the United States, of our way of life, of our democracy in action, of our desire to help and bring everybody good will?

We cannot say that these questions, on the lips or in the minds of Americans abroad, are not valid and significant. Not only do these questions—and the responses to them—determine partially the increasingly complex relationships we maintain with other lands and people, but they must seriously affect the very image that Americans form of themselves. Yet I would go so far as to say that the existence of these anxiety-laden questions in the minds of traveling Americans is the biggest single obstacle in the way of normal and humanly satisfactory contact between citizens of the United States and those of European countries.

Shortly after returning from a summer overseas, I read a report emanating from the office of Mr. George Allen, head of the United States Information Agency, in which is outlined a "new" approach to selling America abroad. There are the usual expressions of our desire to cooperate with other nations and let them know who we are and what we are, and the report concludes with the necessity of telling these nations—friendly, hostile and neutral—"of the aims of American foreign policy."

My own conviction is that a nation, especially a great power, cannot and should not formulate the aims of its policies except in generalities which are at best meaningless, and at worst serve as screens to hide real objectives. If we tell the nations of the world what we want and how we are going about it, people will merely dismiss our statements, turn off their radios, discard the brochures as pious platitudes, empty slogans and catch-phrase propaganda.

YET WHEN the average American travels abroad, in addition to the usual cameras, maps, and dictionaries, he is equipped with a set of beliefs and expectations which tell him that he must be a missionary convincing others of our high principles and unchanging goals and converting them to our ideals and way of life. Since this enterprise meets only with polite skepticism, doubt, or smiles, the traveler's immediate assumption is that something is wrong with *him,* that he is a poor salesman, or that some mysterious conspiracy is afoot to resist the truths he is carrying. This "conspiracy" may, of course, be a lack of gratitude for American economic aid, a tendency towards neutrality in the cold war, a few angry words—in England and in France—about our attitude at the Suez incident, or doubt as to the metaphysical, purely moral character of our foreign policy. The traveler has the feeling that certain accepted notions and traits of Americans have been, for the first time in his experience, questioned, dismissed, or condemned outright. And the feeling is justified by the facts.

One often hears the accusation that American tourists criticize the customs and attitudes of the lands in which they travel. Stories circulate about the G.I.'s and their families who shy away from contact with the "natives," live in a ghetto atmosphere surrounded by the paraphernalia of American everyday life, and condemn themselves to a sort of mental extraterritoriality. I have heard some people compare this self-imposed segregation with the behavior of colonizers who draw a sharp line between themselves and those whom they consider inferior.

Mr. Molnar, a regular contributor, is a member of the faculty of Brooklyn College.

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Now the striking fact about these accusations is that they are circulated mainly among Americans themselves. The "natives" have certainly developed an image of the American during the last fourteen years, an image, by the way, which is not very different from the one they had had before World War II, at a time when Americans traveling in Europe were relatively few in number. This stereotyped picture shows "a good guy," preferably with a crew cut, rather naive in his ways, believing in science and hygiene, looking with amused eyes at antique Europe and its antics.

It is in the American mind itself that new details are added to this image, which has hardly changed in the minds of the British, German and French, less conscious than we of "human relations." With a self-consciousness bordering on masochism, the American tourist watches others and himself to see whether he and they conform to the ideal Americans are supposed to proclaim and embody, and he is quick with a reprimand when some real or imaginary *faux-pas* is committed.

The situation which develops is a strange one: the average American tourist behaves differently from the European simply because he lives on a distant continent, in an environment and society rooted in different realities. But instead of accepting this fact as basic and normal, he tries to adjust both to the new environment *and* to what he has been conditioned to regard as the American way. Thus he is permanently oscillating between criticism and uncritical acceptance, his American-bred taste and the one he is supposed to adopt, between a feeling of superiority and inferiority. The result is that he carries with him a kind of artificiality, a sense of insecurity; in a Europe which accepts human beings as they are, whose inhabitants are neither intrigued nor vexed by individual differences which they consider a fact of life, the American calls attention to being different and being conscious of it.

From what I was told about our pavilion at the Brussels Fair, I am convinced that this same ambiguous approach prevailed in planning it and again in the ensuing domestic controversy. We wanted this pavilion to "sell," to be all things to all people: to traveling Americans, to official and unofficial critics, to Western Europeans, to the partisans of Russia. Result: all-round malaise, provoked, to a large extent, by our calling everybody's attention to this flaw or that failure, and by our indignation when the criticism thus invited began pouring in.

There are, of course, examples to the contrary, when, seemingly, we want to remain blissfully unaware of the impression we create. Thus in mid-July, at the climax of the Middle Eastern crisis and U.S. Marine landing in Lebanon, one could not help observing in Rome's Champs-Elysées-like Via Vittorio Veneto the anti-American feeling of the population. While two blocks away Communists rioted in front of the beautiful palace housing the United States Embassy, wealthy American tourists were circulating between the expensive hotels and equally expensive sidewalk cafés. Can one do anything about it? Hardly. There are wealthy people among the tourists who cannot be expected to live in cheap hotels. There are poor people among the Italians passing by who cannot be expected to hide their envy. I doubt that Mr. Allen could have achieved much by telling the latter of the aims of American foreign policy.

FROM THE foregoing one might conclude that the "American cause" is lost abroad, that the nations of Europe will forever ignore us and cast an interested look only at our strange, self-questioning behavior and our checkbook.

This, however, would be a very faulty conclusion. Our error—not a fatal one, but costing us a great deal of anguish and mental discomfort—is that we think of Europeans in terms of Americans, a very natural mistake, let it be said. To put it simply, we (and I include Mr. Allen's U.S.I.A.) try to impress the inhabitants of Europe as one would try to impress those of the United States, instead of realizing that the former react to different things, and differently. To keep lamenting our unpopularity abroad, to attempt to remedy it by "telling them about ourselves," by "selling" America as an adman sells cars or toothbrushes, is at best useless, but most often tactless, baffling, and offensive. Neither hard nor soft sell will ever succeed; no official government program or other advertised venture will ever create an ounce of genuine interest or a desire to imitate.

The people of Europe are most impresssed by what is genuinely American in this country, by its material achievements which burst the frontiers of imagination, by its readiness to try new things, its vigor, youth, and expansiveness. As far as the non-Communist European intellectual and the European businessman are concerned, they find it fascinating that in our society the predictions of Marx—class war, collapse of the middle class, rise of a socialist proletariat—seem to have lost their validity.

Now let us understand a very important fact. When other people find America fascinating, they do not mean to renounce their own ways and thinking; for them this would seem impossible, because in their eyes change is not a matter of popular vote and quick decision, but something envisaged in terms of the *new* fitting into the *old* pattern. Fascination with America is a very real and serious thing in Europe today, and whether it is shaped by approval or disapproval, it is a genuine response, a judgment, an attitude of respect for something different. Something worth studying and discussing, not necessarily imitating or adopting. The

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influence of a nation on another, or, as it is in this case, of one civilization on another, is a long-term process whose meanderings and rhythm one cannot plan and prescribe. America will have acquired a place in the hearts and minds of Europeans when the *reality* that is the United States has become a part of their thinking; when that new, hard crystal—America—will be mentally and emotionally assimilated by the European imagination.

One of the most interesting lessons of my trip to Europe was that I found this process of considering the United States as part of the European thought-pattern (I dislike this word and use it reluctantly) in a very advanced stage. My interlocutors no longer rejected or ignored America; they no longer think of it as something unreal, outside of time and space, utopistic. To be sure, there still remains an attitude bordering on unbelief when certain things, common in this country, are described; but with Europe also changing, the conditions we have known here for a long time are beginning to appear there as well and to predispose the European mind to understand some of our reactions and responses.

TO PUT it briefly, America has become a *reality* in the eyes of Europeans, and this is, in my opinion, far more important and significant than "being loved," believed, imitated. The four American libraries in Paris are packed, from the opening to the closing hour, with students taking lengthy notes and adults of all ages poring over magazines and newspapers, and checking out books. The same is true of London and Rome. Newspapermen who may deplore the aloofness of American colleagues and their different journalistic ethics leave ever larger space for American news reports and mention American comments before the British, Russian, or German. Intellectuals, concerned with the future of their nations, open their minds to the American experiment and consult with increasing frequency the accumulated data of American experts even if they do not always agree with the latter's conclusions.

Magazines and periodicals devote long articles to life in the United States; the St. Lawrence Seaway, no less than Little Rock, is an ingredient in the daily news diet of the European reader. American literature, Faulkner, Wilder, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Capote, are discussed by European students more perhaps than by their American counterparts; they influence the style of French and Italian writers who, in turn, accredit this style with the educated public.

Young businessmen envy our efficiency and its compatibility with relaxation, and labor leaders remain baffled by the working relationship between American capital and labor. Politicians and professors travel in this country, return with many haphazard impressions and faulty generalizations, but never without having found the real heartbeat of America, its titanic will to create a new civilization. They may, of course, smile at this unrelenting enterprise, but they return home with a conviction that even if American solutions —political, social, cultural—do not satisfy them, they *are* solutions or at least ways which are well worth trying.

Lest I be accused of inconsistency, I hasten to add that while I firmly believe in the future of American influence on Europe, I think it is perfectly possible that "Americans" (an abstract image made concrete by a certain number of our countrymen) and United States foreign policy will remain unpopular. Few people "liked" France, Spain, or England at the height of their political power, material wealth, cultural impact. Centuries and civilizations, however, do not work like commercials which stress the wrapping: they always end up by tearing the package to shreds and preserving the real stuff.

ABRAHAM

To see my small son
running ahead, pausing above a flower,
bringing to me some trifle of hedgerow
wearying sighing seeking my hand

unable in all his being
to give death credence when upon him
no death was but only his heart agile
to prove youth upon a ditch or stile

to see this you must know
my heart like kettledrums had commanded
alarms and marches and shaken age
like treason from its majesty

my heart bled now in breast
an underheel flower and wilting
its last sun away that drummed
I am nearer I am death

who is child now who is old? my tears
or his song? I am sift of dust
in that Hand blown unmercifully
into mountain passes, a destruction

no nightmare of mine had groaned.

Love Me His thunder never cried
in my worst dream. *love me*
my child's eyes never cried
until this dawn and under my knife.

DANIEL BERRIGAN.

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After Pearl Harbor, all Japanese Americans were treated as potential traitors

Vindication for the Nisei

by TED LE BERTHON

TWO LINES borrowed from Jean Starr Untermeyer, "Like waking from December/to a sun-sweet May," perhaps best describe what has happened to Japanese-Americans, the great majority still living on the west coast, just as they did prior to February 16, 1942—but now living enormously better in terms of present group prosperity, far better repute and astonishingly improved race relations. Yet their nightmarish experiences only began to fade in 1948, and they only awakened to the beginning of a new-found status in 1952.

Dislike of Japanese-Americans, and singularly discriminatory legislation against them, had existed since 1890, about a dozen years after the first Japanese arrived on our Pacific shores to find jobs, primarily as farm laborers. But they prospered and multiplied and had attracted a modicum of good will up to December 7, 1941. On that day—without benefit of declaration of war—Japanese aircraft suddenly swooped upon Hawaii's Pearl Harbor and sank most of the U.S. Pacific fleet at anchor.

An inevitable hysteria zoomed to a breaking point on our west coast. Would Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle next be bombed? Persons of Japanese birth and descent made up only two per cent of the west coast population. But all, without exception, were lumped together as members of a congenitally treacherous race. Soon they were forced to live in constant, panicky fear of mob violence, and many even hid their children at home, dreading what might possibly happen to them at school.

Issei (immigrants from Japan) at that time averaged fifty-five years of age and were about one-third of the group. Nisei (U.S. citizens by birth) averaged age nineteen. Sansei (some today in their late teens; others fledgling voters) were then very young children, some infants. Within a week after Pearl Harbor, all Issei business leaders were interned as enemy aliens. This was quite an irony, as they had been prohibited by law from becoming naturalized, an exclusion from citizenship which was suffered by immigrants from no other land.

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At the outbreak of war, Attorney General Francis Biddle assured all of Japanese birth or descent of protection from mob violence. Very little violence ensued. But the Hitlerian theory that *all* Jews were a cancerous growth on the German social body was applied on the west coast to everyone of Japanese blood. The clamor for their removal was led by the Hearst newspapers, which long had inveighed against "the yellow peril"; by California Senator Hiram Johnson and Mississippi Congressman John Rankin; by such otherwise mature syndicated columnists as Walter Lippmann; and by Lt. Gen. J. L. De Witt, then heading the Western Defense Command.

TWO MAIN arguments were given for removing from the west coast all persons of Japanese blood, from grandparents to infants. One was racist, the other "religious." It was only long after all had been incarcerated in inland barracks that the "protective custody" rationalization was developed. General De Witt put the racist view clearly. He doubted they could ever be "assimilated" because of "an unadulterated racial strain that made them naturally inimical to the U.S." This view constituted another bitter irony. At that time, and up to 1948, California law forbade marriage between "white Caucasians" and Orientals, Malays or Negroes.

Although available 1940 statistics showed that only four per cent of Issei and Nisei combined were then Shintoists, many newspapers and legislators termed them all Shintoists. On all sides one heard that their "Shintoism" made them a people of "dual allegiance," with their higher fealty going to the Mikado, whom Shintoists held to be a divine being. In fact most Issei were Buddhists and had been in Japan, the majority of Nisei were Protestants, and not a few Nisei were Catholics.

As A. L. Wirin, a long-time Los Angeles attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, protested, the "dual allegiance" charge has frequently been leveled against Catholics by Klansmen and others who like to cite their spiritual allegiance to the Pope as Christ's Vicar as a political handicap. He observed that a remarkably high ratio of Nisei had enlisted in the U.S.

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peacetime armed forces, and that Issei and Nisei had the lowest rate of crime and juvenile delinquency of any national group on the west coast, a fact as true in 1959 as it was then.

BUT WARTIME hysteria won out. On February 16, 1942, President Roosevelt signed an executive "military necessity" order transferring Issei, Nisei and Sansei from the jurisdiction of the Justice Department to that of the War Department, and authorizing the latter to evacuate all of them. So 110,442 men, women and children were seized and carted off, under armed guard, to inland concentration camps, hastily improvised barracks politely designated as relocation centers. Most of the breadwinners were given less than one week's notice to dispose of or arrange for the care of businesses, homes, furnishings, farm leaseholds and tenant equities in crops. Others were torn from jobs.

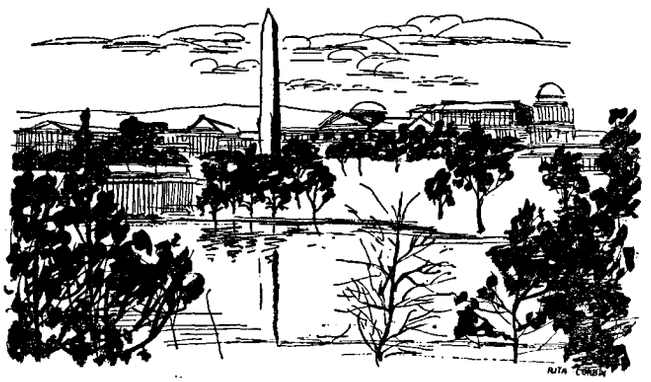
The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco was authorized to hire personnel to act as go-betweens for the sale, lease or rental of urban properties. The Farm Security Administration was assigned a like role in rural areas. Neither agency did very well by the evacuees, but this was scarcely their fault. The time was too short. Moreover, most Issei and Nisei "panicked" and were ruthlessly mulcted by get-rich-quick "white Caucasians," some of whom were, and are still, considered eminently respectable. Issei, Nisei and Sansei spent an average of two-and-a-half years in relocation camps, and most emerged impoverished. In 1948, three years after the war's end, they reached the nadir of their economic and occupational status.

The U.S. had also been at war with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. But no such fate had befallen Germans, German-Americans, Italians or Italo-Americans living in this country. No one ever seriously suggested those living on our east coast be evacuated en masse and herded into guarded inland camps. Yet Nazi submarines played great havoc off our Atlantic coast, sinking warships, transports and merchant vessels with alarming frequency. But now that all the racist fumes have cleared away, a poignant fact remains. Not one person of Japanese birth or descent living in this country—before, during or since the war—has ever been convicted of so much as one act of treason, espionage or sabotage!

Who have been the architects of their vindication and their present unprecedented prosperity and social acceptance? Mainly themselves; more specifically, the leaders of the Japanese American Citizens League (J.A.C.L.), organized in the late 1930's by the few Nisei then old enough to vote. Such bellwethers as Mike M. Masaoka, Saburo Kido, Masao W. Satow and Ray Nishikawa, to name a few, remained unruffled under the worst wartime indignities. They unceasingly urged a forgive-and-forget attitude. They pointed out that in the delirium of war no people have been above reproach, including their own contemporaries in Japan. At the same time, they contended that their people had been denied every constitutionally guaranteed civil right because of a fantastic misconception of "military necessity." They held they had been victims of the most flagrant violation of the "due process" and "equal protection of the law" clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment in this nation's history, especially as two-thirds of them were U.S. citizens, and the Issei would have been had they not been denied naturalization.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS of the J.A.C.L. have been many. They not only awakened the American conscience to a great wartime injustice, but to racially discriminatory legislation going back to before World War I, during which Japan was our ally. It was Fresno-born Mike Masaoka, J.A.C.L. president in 1943, who gradually opened the gates to deliverance for relocation center captives. He did so by inducing the government, in January 1943, to allow Nisei to form an all-Nisei regiment and prove their patriotism by fighting overseas. He became the first volunteer in the all-Nisei 442nd regiment. More than three thousand enlisted. A third were killed in action in the Italian campaign. More than half the others were wounded. Not one was ever taken prisoner. Their regiment became the most decorated army outfit in World War II, winning more than nine thousand combat medals.

But in the meantime 5,790 other Nisei incarcerated in relocation centers had indignantly renounced their U.S. citizenship. Of these, the J.A.C.L. persuaded 4,308 to become citizens again. Shortly before the war ended, the relocations camps were virtually empty. The few who remained did so because they were penniless and unable to relocate. At the war's end, the J.A.C.L. took over their care. It pressed for a settlement of the wartime losses suffered, and this resulted in the Evacuee Claims Act of 1948, amended upward in 1951 and 1956. It led the effort that brought about the 1952 psychological turning point for Japanese-Americans. In that year the California Supreme Court overturned the state's 1913 Alien Land Law which had barred



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Issei from owning land. The fantastic rationalization for this discriminatory law (all other immigrants could own land) was that an earlier federal statute denied naturalization to anyone born in Japan. Thus, Japanese immigrants were uniquely underprivileged; anyone born anywhere else could become naturalized.

Why such sole adverse discrimination? Pressures brought upon Congress long ago by "white Caucasian" west coast farmers. Their motivation? The fear that Issei, in view of their inordinate thrift and frugality and long, hard hours in fields and orchards (with women and children working alongside the men) made money so fast that they might eventually own most of the cultivatable land. It was a far-fetched apprehension, considering the relatively small number of Issei. In 1952, the U.S. Supreme Court at long last declared the anti-naturalization law unconstitutional. Congress followed up the same year by passing the all-inclusive Immigration and Nationality Act that finally enabled Issei to receive U.S. citizenship.

OBVIOUSLY the J.A.C.L. all by itself did not accomplish all these good things. It had attracted many friends who helped prod the American conscience. The American Civil Liberties Union was in the forefront. Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders championed the J.A.C.L.'s cause, speaking out at Congressional hearings. Such Los Angeles law firms as Wirin, Okrand and Rissman, and Chuman and McKibben; outstanding attorneys like James C. Hanley, a Catholic, of San Francisco; and such legislators as Patrick J. Hillings (R.) of California, likewise a Catholic, were among many who helped in important ways.

It would be pleasant to report that the Japanese-Americans were equitably compensated for financial losses and wartime indignities via the Evacuee Claims Act through settlements made by the Attorney General's office or by the adjudications of federal claims courts. But they were not. In 1948 the Justice Department had estimated their actual property losses would total some $400 million. But with only three more claims (all large) still in litigation as of this writing, some 26,000 were adjudicated or settled during the past ten years for about $35.5 million, one-eleventh of the original estimate, or an average of $1,365 each.

This has been the fault neither of the Attorney General's office nor the claims courts, but of the Act itself. It restricted the Attorney General to effect compromise settlements at $2,500 or less. Otherwise claims had to be adjudicated in the claims courts. Early litigation showed signs of dragging on for years, due to wranglings over appraisals and evidence. Soon most claimants accepted compromise settlements, even when these only covered a tiny fraction of their property losses. They reasoned that a bird in the hand was worth a whole covey in the bush that might never be caught. By the time the Act had been amended in 1956 to allow compromise settlements up to $100,000, most claims had been compromised or adjudicated.

But even so, the Act covered only concrete property losses. No Issei or Nisei has ever received a dime for loss of income from an urban business or rental property; from a farm leasehold or a share-cropping equity; or from salary and wage losses, all losses which were sustained during an average enforced stay of two-and-a-half years in a relocation center. Nor have Issei benefited much from being eligible for naturalization and land ownership since 1952. Most had died by then. Those alive today average seventy-two years of age. Only those who had been jobholders rather than farmers, merchants or professional men are eligible to old age Social Security benefits.

However, the Nisei and now the Sansei have benefited immeasurably from the public change of heart toward them on the west coast. Professions, trades and skills long closed to them are today wide open. Most Nisei, up to 1952, had found college educations (unless they had attended agricultural college) useless to them, since the only jobs most of them could get were as contract gardeners, domestic servants or farm laborers. But today they hold highly paid positions in many lines. Nisei graduate engineers and technicians hold many managerial posts, especially in aircraft and other industries with national defense contracts. Whereas a Nisei teacher was a rarity indeed even as late as ten years ago, today no national group has a higher ratio at any educational level. The same can be said in the social welfare field. Sansei girls are in great demand for secretarial and stenographic jobs. Since they are alert, hard-working, and courteous they are frequently employed in both public and private offices.

Prior to World War II, seventy per cent of the Nisei were employed by Issei. Today eighty per cent are employed by whites. There are at least ten times as many Nisei lawyers, doctors and dentists as there were before the war. Where once their clients and patients were restricted to members of their own race, this is far from the case now. In many major west coast cities, Nisei are now deputy federal, district and city attorneys. In Judge John Aiso, California has its first Nisei superior court judge. Saburo Kido, a Los Angeles lawyer, also publishes a Japanese-American bi-language newspaper and is a leader in the Moral Rearmament movement.

Whereas the Issei of yesteryear were mostly produce merchants or headed family-run "Little Tokyo" grocery stores, floral shops, Oriental art goods businesses and skidrow and waterfront flophouses and restaurants, Nisei are now in every kind of general manufacturing, wholesale and retail business. Many who once were contract gardeners are today highly regarded landscape architects.

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MANY NISEI are still Buddhists, but more than half are Christians. As their social acceptability increases, more will be Christians. While most are Protestants attending churches of solely Japanese American congregations, they belong to the older denominations. Few ever join an off-beat cult or fresh-water sect. There are no separate Catholic churches for Japanese-Americans. Conversions to Catholicism are steadily increasing, mostly among those who are better educated.

Racial "incidents" are now rare. Whites no longer move out of neighborhoods when Nisei move in. Such segregation as exists is self-imposed by Nisei who run businesses in "Little Tokyos" and wish to live there. Many of these cater to the tourist trade, which includes intellectuals, dilettantes and lovers of the exotic, who want to see a Japanese play or movie, listen to Japanese recordings, or buy teakwood furniture, kimonos or Hokusai prints.

Some significant social phenomena need stating. Only a minute fraction of Nisei and Sansei males ever marry out of their race. But white youths occasionally marry Sansei girls, a trend perhaps due to some two thousand west coast white ex-GIs having brought back Japanese wives from Japan. Then there has been a change of diet. Most Nisei and Sansei now eat American food. One result is that many Sansei are from three to six inches taller than their parents and far outweigh them. The Sansei are good athletes. Sansei lads are to be found on many west coast high school and college baseball, basketball, track and even football teams. In sum, Japanese-Americans on the whole are much better off than the Japanese in Japan today—in income, and in living and working conditions.

THE ADVICE BUSINESS

Signed, "Anxious"

by JEAN HOLZHAUER

MEN GIVE AWAY nothing so liberally as their advice," La Rochefoucauld once remarked, and it is true that from the beginning of time the advisory-minded have contrived to make known their recommendations, although not always as an outright gift. From political platform and pulpit, lectern and simple soapbox, counsel both wise and foolish has streamed in steady tide—likewise from judge's bench and chimney corner, doctor's office and pharmacist's booth; in press releases, radio talks and telecasts, in last wills and testaments; across the breakfast table, the back fence or the local bar.

It remained for the twentieth century, however, to turn advice-giving into advice-selling to a point now assuming the proportions of big business. From Beatrice Fairfax to Ann Landers, the latter-day Sibyls (and a handful of male oracles) have utilized present communication channels to build a coast-to-coast following equal in devotion to the ancestor clientele at Cumae and Delphi and far greater in number.

The immediate forerunners of the present day advisors were Mrs. Emily Post and her imitators. Probably unintentionally, they established a beachhead in the general American consciousness by demonstrating a publishable common denominator in the human condition. The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady, as the columns rapidly proved, suffered alike a painful uncertainty about which fork to use for the fish, how many wineglasses were proper to a formal dinner, how a small elegant wedding service might substitute for a large elegant service when the pocketbook was, so regrettably, pinched. Publishers discovered to their pleasure that such anxieties were vicariously consequential even to readers who ate their fish with their fingers and drank wine only when there was nothing else. The great, enthralling banquet of the Problem Age had begun. And the next courses included love, marriage, incest, hostility and mothers-in-law.

This catechetical approach to life, which contributed largely to the growth of respect for the advice specialist, sired a variety of styles. One of the striking details of the present advice picture is that nearly all of the advisors are women. (Is it easier to ask Mom than to ask Dad?) Male entries in the field are usually qualified impressively with degrees in psychiatry, medicine, or sociology, with Holy Orders, or with combinations of these. But the preponderant female apparently qualifies by her "inherent" feminine endowment of intuition, understanding, and practicality. To the latter list of attributes, one is tempted automatically to add "tact,"

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but however integral to the ideal womanly temperament it may be, tact is in short supply in several advice columns, whose authors are frequently abrasive and sometimes flippant in dealing with their distressed clientele.

IN EVERY WAY, the advice columns most obviously designed to attract readership are those syndicated for chains of metropolitan papers. The three biggest names in the advice business, Mary Haworth and twin sisters Ann Landers and Abigail Van Buren, share a professional problem of their own: how to cope with their immense followings within column space disproportionately small. Their solution, inherited from Beatrice Fairfax, Doris Blake, and Mrs. Post herself, is drastic condensation of the questions—sometimes to the point where published letters are scarcely recognizable to their authors—and replies that are nothing if not succinct. Both Ann Landers and "Dear Abby" have on occasion responded with a single word. After compressing an employee's manifold difficulties with his boss to a three-line description, Abigail suggested "Quit!"

Considerations other than brevity and sparkle beset the advice columnist. Like a television comedian, she may be tart but never overtly *risqué*, pointed but not deliberately disrespectful of the racial, political and religious sensibilities of huge blocks of readers. Personal and family troubles are considered most appropriate for public discussion, perhaps because they are the most interesting to readers in search of identification with the common lot. On the supposition that they are suffered by millions, brutish or boorish husbands, spendthrift and shrewish wives, difficult bosses, neighbors, parents, children and in-laws, and refractory budgets are high on the list of popular subjects, but the all-time favorite is undoubtedly love, and the perennial question how and where romance may be discovered by the lonely heart.

Rather surprisingly, several of the columnists themselves seem to treat this quest with more interest and gentleness than others. Ethical agreement precludes introducing solitary correspondents to each other; short of this the advice experts go to considerable length in urging on the discouraged, from pointing out the large numbers of "fish" in the sea to offering specific suggestions about dress, personality development, and local clubs where dancing partners and perhaps engagement rings may be found.

A large proportion of advice columnists' mail is answered privately; once the cream is skimmed for publication, two or three secretaries are sometimes required to handle personal replies accorded the rest. Mail volume varies greatly, in proportion to the popularity of issues under consideration. Mrs. Ione Quinby Griggs, a non-syndicated but nationally known columnist for *The Milwaukee Journal* (circulation 380,000), probably holds the current record for continuous columnizing under her own name; she started with the *Journal* in 1934. Mrs. Griggs' mail has gone as low as two hundred letters a month, as high as seven thousand in ten days. The latter figure was set during a correspondence free-for-all about curfews for teen-agers during World War II.

Men advisors include Joseph Whitney and Dr. William Brady, both of the Hearst newspaper chain, which obviously feels that if a little advice is good, more is better, and also purveys "Abby" and "Myrtle Meyer Eldred," the latter a column of child-rearing advice. Doctors Arnold Gesell and Frances Ilg and their colleagues collaborate on another child column, syndicated, though not for Hearst. All of these and their several competitors follow the lonely hearts question-and-answer format, and deal with mental and physical health. It is perhaps their slightly more clinical air, the faint whiff of ether and disinfectant attending their prescriptions that makes these less appealing than the women who write about love.

The religious press, similarly, maintains a stable of experts in matters ranging from canon law to parish protocol to the durable and omnipresent domestic problems. One of the best advisors is Msgr. J. D. Conway, a wise, practical and frequently very funny priest who writes his column for the Davenport (Iowa) *Catholic Messenger* but sees it appearing in an increasing number of diocesan papers.

A second well-known and competent priest columnist is Father John L. Thomas, S.J. A professor in the sociology department at St. Louis University, and obviously a trained worker in psychological counseling, Father Thomas states his questions briefly, allows himself plenty of room for a reply, and translates problem situations into language both adequate and clear to the ordinary reader. "In general, Al," he wrote recently, "jealousy springs from a feeling of personal insecurity. This prompts its victims to be oversensitive to the way they are treated, to suspect others' motives, to seek excessive guarantees that they are loved, and so forth."

No relative to Father Thomas, a woman advisor in several diocesan weeklies, "Winifred Thomas," better typifies such columns for religious papers. With something of her secular sisters' brevity, Winifred is also ad-

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dicted to a set of identical replies which she uses apparently indiscriminately for all kinds of problems. She saves space by reducing each published letter to a style nearly telegraphic ("Thought I would write, beg your advice in this matter, most painful and upsetting to whole family."), outlines a complex situation involving vocational doubts, sibling jealousy, paternal drunkenness and a second mortgage, and tops it all with a breezy "Prayer wins all, dear reader!" or "Mary aid you; ask!"

THE SOCIOLOGICAL factors explaining the advice boom are as interesting, in their way, as the human problems in the agony columns of the daily press. It is unlikely, for instance, that such a boom in such a market could have existed three generations ago, or even two, and this not only because communication was then comparatively undeveloped. Other people's troubles have always possessed a certain entertainment value, as every gossip knows, but more than this must be taken into an account of "Dear Abby," "Dear Ann," "Dear Mary Haworth," "Dear Dr. Brady," "Dear Father Thomas" and all of their competitors.

An earlier day presented a different face to the problem, so to speak. At a time when trust in a practical solution to many of mankind's ills was less justified, and social intercourse was governed by a strict pattern of middle class protocol, personal troubles were concealed as far as possible by the afflicted and, ideally, ignored by those who happened to glimpse them. Tremendous premium was attached to "keeping face" before the community, and within a large stratum of society the first consideration in dealing with some difficulties was that of what "people" would "think" of those involved in them.

At a time when wives commonly referred to husbands by their surnames and never discussed financial problems even with close friends, few people had a clear idea of the universality of human problems. There was little except family history to serve as a frame of reference, and as family history so often appeared to indicate hereditary weakness, a strain of "bad blood" to account for the present disaster, it signified a double reason for secrecy. Each instance seemed unique and somehow shameful, a thing to be hidden in the upstairs bedroom, the garret, the depths of the heart; locked out of the consciousness altogether, perhaps, except in nightmares, or poetry.

In time, however, with greater public knowledge and information, the older context of private problems was changed. Medicine offered hope that even grave illness might be subdued, if diagnosed early, and early diagnosis argued for prompt admission. Psychiatry followed suit: word spread that the recluse, the hypochondriac, the homosexual, the sadist, were perhaps not sufferers predestined either by "bad blood" or a punitive God.

Little by little the public began to venture forth from its bailiwick of pride and concealment and, although the process is far from complete today, the habit as well as the techniques of communication grew. We no longer think it disreputable to reveal financial troubles; alcoholism is a matter of public concern; more and more parents are made aware of the ABC's of child psychology.

And, just as the study of human ills threatened to become a science, the family unit shrank. Parents who earlier might have relied on grandparental experience and counsel in dealing with domestic problems now found themselves cut off from this reassurance. The clan spirit was declining, and professionals were pointing out that amateur advice could be worse than no advice at all. Increasingly, individuals felt themselves forced back upon their own limited insight. The time had come for the public counselor whose impersonal judgment could be thought trustworthy, if only by virtue of the fact that hundreds and thousands of others so esteemed him.

And so the burgeoning of this strange institution, inevitable, perhaps, in our anxious, public-private age. Magazines, radio, television and libraries of books, too, feed the rivers of counsel and precept, and as more and more join the advisory throng, the commercialized links of problem and solution threatens to become endless. Barring a re-establishment of social reticence or a major disruption of communications media, neither of which seems probable, there seems in fact no reason to expect an end. Perhaps not, at any rate, until everyone is brought up short one future, bewildering day, with realization that there are at last more answers than there are questions.

THE EXILE

Our house had wings for children, chandeliers
That tinkled in the wind, moroccan tiles
Tiny enough for hopscotch. We planted strings
Where nasturtium vines could creep in flaming
piles

Of salmon, pink, and rose. Like little suns
They peeped in at the picture window; all
Was pastel. Scarlet and magenta came
Later, deeper dyes, not petals spilled

From lilliputian vines, but lip-rouge
On my sister's ancient face. She fled
Her wing, laughing on a stranger's arm.
The white she wore was like a windless cold.

LARRY RUBIN.

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THE RIGHT TO TEACH

IT IS INTERESTING to see, in the current issue of *Christianity and Crisis,* Reinhold Niebuhr's reactions to the Catholic Bishops' recent statement on the "right to teach." Dr. Niebuhr finds the statement puzzling on several scores.

First, he wonders why the statement was even made. It seems to Dr. Niebuhr that no one has really challenged the Bishops' right to teach their own flock. All that has been challenged, he argues, is the Church's right "to enforce her standards upon non-Catholics," as in the birth-control controversy in New York. It must be then, he concludes, that the Bishops were addressing their own people; it must be that "the statement was meant for the faithful living in a pluralistic community who probably asked questions about the 'right' of the Church to guide their conscience on birth control and possibly other issues."

I am afraid that Dr. Niebuhr has not kept up with all the books and articles about Catholicism-as-a-threat-to-democratic-freedom which have appeared lately, for if he had he would have noted that the argument the Bishops were answering has been raised again and again. It is found on almost every page of Paul Blanshard's masterpieces and in much of the propaganda issuing from the P.O.A.U. At the seminar on Religion in a Free Society which the Fund for the Republic sponsored last May—to cite one example—Mr. Blanshard reminded the participants that the "Catholic system" is undemocratic from top to bottom. He cited the Catholic teachings about divorce and birth control among others, and then concluded: "I don't say all these teachings are wrong. I say all these teachings are coerced on Catholic parents."

Now "coerced" is a harsh word and suggests the cynical use of some kind of force. Most Catholics, considering why they accept the Bishops' teachings, would reject the word. But Mr. Blanshard was right when he reminded his audience that the teachings of the Church are authoritatively handed down by the hierarchy and are not decided on after debate and discussions among the Catholic laity. They are accepted because of the Catholic belief that Christ and His Church are one.

Dr. Niebuhr considers this identification of Christ and the Church as "the Catholic heresy in a nutshell." Of course he does. If he did not, he would be a Catholic. But that is not our concern here. Our concern here is whether a Church which conceives of itself this way has a right to teach and be heard in a democratic society like ours.

The word "right" here can easily be taken ambiguously. First of all, there is the right to make the immense claims which the Catholic Church makes. This is a theological question.

Neither the Bishops nor anyone else can demand that this right be recognized by the whole democratic society. The more pertinent right, though, in this consideration of the problem, is the right of the Church to exist in such a society. The Bishops speak of their right to teach and right to be heard. By the right to teach, I take it they mean their right to function as bishops, as the Church traditionally understands the office—as interpreters of the moral law. By the right to be heard, I take it they mean the individual Catholic's right to be guided on specific moral questions, even those affecting social and political life, by their teachings. These rights can be demanded in the name of democracy. For religious liberty is at the heart of democracy, and unless such rights are respected, religious liberty, for the Catholic at least, becomes a mockery. This may be a hard saying for those who think the Bishops' claim to divine authority is a terrible pretension. But respecting claims one regards as pretensions is the price one pays for democracy.

Dr. Niebuhr has another question about the Bishops' statement which I found interesting. He regards it as "pedagogical." He asks: "Why did the Bishops believe, as I assume they did, that this statement would win many erring or confused souls back to the true doctrine?"

I do not suppose that the Bishops, in issuing their statement, gave a second thought to such a consideration, for I doubt that they believe anyone should be brought back to the Church by the Church's watering down its claims. If "skeptics" were brought back that way, they would be the victims of deceit. Reinhold Niebuhr, in locating the central "Catholic heresy" as the identification of the Church with Christ Himself, was exactly right. He put his finger on the essential difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. Catholics do believe the Church speaks with divine authority. They also believe, in the words of the Bishops, that the teachings of the Church contain "the total content of the deposit of faith revealed by Jesus to his Apostles, and developed and unfolded through the ages under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, whose abiding presence was promised by the Divine Master."

Once that is understood, really understood, the apparently mysterious loyalty of Catholics to their Church becomes more understandable. Once that is understood, Catholics can no longer be regarded—as they often are—as bamboozled Protestants who have been duped by a wily hierarchy.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

BRIGHT BRITISH BRACERS

THE BRITISH have started the year right by sending over several movies that are worth both attention and attendance. Brightest and most stylish of the group is "The Doctor's Dilemma." Based on George Bernard Shaw's 1906 play, this makes, as might be expected, a rather talky film; but the talk in the script fashioned by Anatole de Grunwald is so entertaining, and the production, also done by Mr. de Grunwald, is so handsome that the whole movie sparkles from beginning to end. The dilemma confronting the doctor, who has developed a new cure for T.B. but can take on only one more patient, concerns which of two sick men he should try to save: a friend who is a poor and overworked fellow doctor, or a great artist who is not only destined to paint for posterity but is also a scoundrel and cad. The issue is further complicated by the doctor's falling in love with the artist's wife when she comes to plead for his life. Needless to say, Shaw makes the most of this situation with dialectic that leads the characters as well as the audience from one carefully-laid trap to the next as he discusses medicine, art, morality and other stimulating subjects.

Under Anthony Asquith's direction, the cast who carry on these arguments are all first-rate. John Robinson is somewhat stiff as the main doctor, a middle-aged bachelor who finally meets the love of his life only to lose her, but his is a thankless role compared with the flashier doctors around him: Felix Aylmer as the cynical, retired authority, Michael Gwynn as the tired practitioner with consumption, Alastair Sim as the fashionable surgeon who goes in for useless operations, Robert Morley as another fake, the doctor who finally takes on the ailing artist. Dirk Bogarde is excellent as Louis Dubedat, the artist whose charm is apparent to everyone except to the doctor who is in love with Mrs. Dubedat and who sees her husband as the blackguard he really is. Leslie Caron is lovely as Jennifer Dubedat and says her lines well, but she hardly has the stature to throw all these men into a dither. She looks very attractive, however, in the Isadora Duncan-type costumes designed by Cecil Beaton. The whole film, graced by Paul Sheriff's stunning sets and Eastman Color, looks good; but it is the talk one remembers longest—the doctors discussing their theories of medicine; the doctors at the lavish dinner party looking over Dubedat to see if he is worthy of their attention; Dubedat (and Shaw) putting the doctors in their place with his elevating discourse on art; the beautifully written and acted death scene in which Shaw moves his audience and then sticks his tongue out at them. "The Doctor's Dilemma" is indeed a treat not to be missed.

IT IS DIFFICULT for a reviewer to know if he should recommend "A Night to Remember," the English film made from Walter Lord's book about the sinking of the *Titanic*. Producer William MacQuitty and Director Roy Baker have made an excellent picture that moves implacably step-by-step from that day in April, 1912, when the proud liner sailed from Southampton on its maiden voyage until the dreadful tragedy when only 705 of its 2,207 passengers and crew were saved. Without attempting to place the blame, the film effectively records in understatement and occasional highlighted drama what happened to the officers, crew and passengers on that fateful night, and it shows men at their best and worst. Heading the large cast is Kenneth More as Second Officer Lightoller who proved himself a hero and man of authority during the sinking and in the lifeboats afterward; and surrounding him are many more good actors in smaller roles that also display heroism and confusion and fear and panic. But unfortunately the *Titanic* story has been told so often that audiences may be tired of it, especially those who are familiar with the details. There is this to be said, however, about "A Night to Remember:" it is certainly the best and definitive version of the *Titanic* tragedy.

MOVIEGOERS who want something in a lighter vein should find "Mad Little Island" right up their alley. It is one of those irrepressible comedies that the English make so well, movies in which the makers are not afraid to laugh at themselves while they effectively point out issues about freedom and rights in a country where a man's home is his castle. The story, stemming from Compton Mackenzie's novel *Rockets Galore,* concerns the people on the Scottish island of Todday, who object strenuously indeed when the British Ministry of Protection decides that this location would be just right for a rocket base.

The methods used by the islanders to thwart the military are so amusing that it would be wrong for me to spoil the fun by giving away the skulduggery. The cast, under Michael Relph's direction, are excellent: Donald Sinden as the Government's advance man sent to soften the natives, Jennie Carson as a schoolteacher who falls in love with Donald but would never be softened on the subject of evacuating the island, Roland Culver as a retired English army captain who lives on Todday but feels like a foreigner among all these Catholics and Presbyterians, Noel Purcell as the lovable priest who leads the Catholic contingent and John Stevenson Lang as the more severe but also lovable minister at the head of his flock, and many others as determined islanders belonging to either

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the hard-drinking or teetotaler camps but united on the subject of Todday without a rocket base. The film, which is a sort of sequel to "Tight Little Island," was called "Island Fling" for a while, but whatever name it turns up under in your town, give it a fling. It's a delight from beginning to end.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"MONEY AND POLITICS"

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: In his criticism of "Money and Politics" [Dec. 19] Donald Kommers contended that I failed to come to grips with the multi-group nature of American political parties.

I believe that awareness of this factor was implicit in the few sentences which dealt with party structure. The particularistic ("group" based) nature of our system was emphasized throughout, and it was explicitly remarked that "only under broad generalities and with large coagulations of specific interests that consensus is possible."

In going further to explain parties exclusively from a multiple group viewpoint Mr. Kommers obscures many aspects of the party system and its operations. The employment of group psychology as an analytical device is useful in examining the subtler facets of voter motivation. However, it offers only an explanation of the *status quo;* being descriptive in nature and static in time it throws no light on the dynamics of change.

It is unlikely that a degree of party discipline comparable to the English experience would evolve in this country. Enforced party direction would be limited to vital national issues. Neither is it likely that this would result in an increase in the number of parties. The ideological cleavages which determine the French practice are lacking in our "socio-cultural" pattern. All third party movements, including the Populists, Socialists, Communists, and States-Rights, have been notable failures. This is clearly attributable to certain social, economic, and technical considerations which have long been recognized.

Mr. Kommers refers to popular control, party responsibility, and irresponsible politics. Of the three elected agents of national government, Congressmen, Senators, and the President, the first, who are the most responsive to popular control, act in the least responsible manner. The Senators, less responsive but answerable to a larger number of people, are most cognizant of the national welfare. The Chief Executive, representing the largest number of people and the fewest specific interests, has the greatest capacity for carrying out the national objectives.

Concerning party cohesion, the situation in the United States should be compared with that of the other mature western democracies. When that is done it will be seen that on most vital issues the U.S. is strikingly lacking in party cohesion.

A more fundamental question raised by any attempt to increase party responsibility is whether, in an age already dominated by forces tending to create uniformity, we dare employ another centralizing agent. In the last analysis we must balance the evils of internal centralization against our over-riding interest in national survival.

PETER KILBY.

OF NOTE

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND CONFESSION

IN THE ISSUE of *Cross Currents* for Fall 1958 there appeared an article on "The Psychoanalyst and the Confessor" by Abbé Marc Oraison. Excerpts from the article follow.

Psychoanalysis and confession are, ultimately, two techniques in the service of man. That is, their aim is to promote his general well-being: a more profound, more lucid, more dedicated involvement in relational life. But the levels on which these two techniques are located are radically different: in the Pascalian sense of the term, they are not of the same *order.* As we have said, psychoanalysis as such is a *medical* act, while confession as such is a *religious* act. This elementary prefatory distinction is in itself already charged with meaning.

Everyone knows that as far his his "client" is concerned the psychoanalyst centers his attention on the life of the unconscious. But it is difficult to conceive what that represents and includes: our mentality, that is, our habit of thought, is still too strongly tainted by rationalism to be comfortable among those indistinct, difficult-to-grasp realities which elude the network of abstract and definitive concepts, realities which are expressed much more cogently by the symbol than by syllogistic reasoning.

The unconscious world of man resembles somewhat the subterranean mystery, hidden and vaguely menacing, which determines the flow of the Fountain of Vaucluse. We do not know exactly what takes place; we have intuitions, indications, hypotheses; we cannot adequately formulate these moving and obscurely seen realities by means of a vocabulary which has been fashioned to deal with more or less clear notions. We have, however, no other. But we do know that these subterranean surroundings, which are certainly quite dif-

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ferent from the play of light on the fountain, have a necessary role in the dynamism of these leaping waters.

The nature of the unconscious lies precisely in its irrationality, or even more accurately, in "sub-rationality." In Freudian terms we might say, somewhat schematically, that it corresponds to the unresolved emotions of pre-rational childhood. Even though Revelation teaches us that grace puts an end to man's anxiety in the mystery of divine light, man begins his existence in the mystery of protean shadows. It is only with this area of mysterious darkness and shadow, in so far as it persists as an impediment or obstruction, that the psychoanalyst concerns himself. Neurotic disorders, which are of varying degrees of seriousness, have their roots in this mystery. The instinctive actions and emotional reactions of the child express the initial confrontation of his hesitant individuality with the world, inert or human, outside him. It is possible that this confrontation, intensely lived in as yet a purely affective way, occurs in terms of conflicts that are too strong for him. It may be that the quasi-visceral anxieties which he experiences in one circumstance or another were not sufficiently dissipated in their time. These anxieties, vigorously obliterated by a sort of defensive reflex, will persist in the person, rumbling unconsciously and always ready to be re-awakened. The task of the psychoanalyst is simply to aid the patient in recognizing these anxieties lying below the surface, anxieties which treatment will cause him in some manner to *relive* while on the psychiatrist's couch. It is, for the subject, the only way in which he himself can dispel them. By reviving them, he relives them, so to speak, archaically, without any immediate object.

This means that the psychoanalyst addresses himself only to the infra-human zone of his patient. The analytic cure takes place only on this level. Its aim is, specifically, to liberate the patient, not as regards the principles of morality, as some believe or would want it thought, but rather as regards those paralyzing anxieties which have nothing to do with any objective morality. In short, it is only a question of that first stammering from which he has not freed himself, from the moment when he first entered into the instinctive dialogue with that world which was distinct from him—that first faint outline, still purely affective, of the relational life.

The confessor, on the other hand, is occupied, so to speak, with the most superior plane of the life of the subject who has recourse to him. His role lies at the other extreme from that of the analyst: the confessor reestablishes or confirms, in a purely instrumental fashion, the supernatural dimensions of the subject's life, the personal relations, with his redeeming God. This means, consequently, that we are dealing here with that other pole of the human mystery, with the supreme achievement of the subject's relational life, with the gratuitous and superabundant gift of God known as Infinite Love—with Grace. It is no longer a question, properly speaking, for psychology, but of a mode of knowing which is in itself transcendent and ineffable, which we call Faith. If those psychic zones with which the psychoanalyst concerns himself can be defined as the "obscure" or the "subterranean," then we might refer to the confessor's area of concern in terms of the most dazzling and absolute light, dazzling in such a way that, so far as limited and hesitant minds are concerned, it blinds us at the same time that it draws us into its swirling brilliance and gives us the hope of living. It is for this reason that a clinical psychology of Faith, as distinct from the speculative and rational study elaborated by theology, is by definition impossible. It is possible, of course, to study faith and even to distinguish certain lived manifestations of it, but never shall we be able to define its essence, any more than could Montaigne, who, when asked about his friendship with La Boétie, could only reply: "Because he is who he is, and I am who I am." The obvious abuses of a legalistic vocabulary or mentality tend to obscure the fact that the Sacrament of Penance is situated essentially within an intersubjective relationship: erring, stricken man whom God pursues with His tenderness (Osee), whom God seeks to raise up out of his torpor (Canticle of Canticles), or man as he is welcomed upon his return with a solemn and unlimited manifestation of love (the prodigal son). No rational explanation is possible here; it is the very mystery of living love, the mystery of that silent understanding which two people have, that inexpressible thing which took place between Christ and Peter when they exchanged that glance of which Saint Luke speaks, after the betrayal by the Apostle. We exist by reason of the fact that God calls each one of us by name; He saves each one of us, by name, simply "because He is who He is, and I am who I am. . . ." In that supreme dialogue of friendship which is to be discovered in God, the confessor is nothing but an instrument, for that gratuitous and superabundant love on God's part reveals itself to our understanding by means of accessible signs: through Scripture, the lived chronicle of the Revelation of this love, and by means of the Sacraments, which are at once its expression and its reality.

In the course of the therapy the psychoanalyst and his patient operate on the level of the sub-rational and the sub-human, where there is a need to extricate the rational and the human from the ancient mires and quicksands that serve as obstacles. The confessor and the penitent, in the liturgical and mysterious encounter of the Sacrament, move on the plane of the supra-rational and of the supernatural properly so-called. They stand, so to speak, at the opposite extremes of the dynamic unity of the human person.

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Cross Section of Representative Mexican Opinion

MEXICAN JOURNAL. By Selden Rodman. Devin-Adair. $6.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

MEXICO is lucky in that the quality of writers in English about it has always been high. No country can compete (not even Sean O'Faolain's Italy or Laurens van der Post's Africa) with the Mexico of Madame de la Barca, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Graham Greene and Sybille Bedford. Now Selden Rodman has cleverly combined tourism and "visiting with" the surviving leaders of the Revolution, and with contemporary artists and writers. Nor has he neglected his own joy in living in Mexico. He succeeds in conveying the enormous anti-materialism of Mexico, the distaste for success, for making money, the real and living passion for art. ("Do you know," the painter Siquieros asked Rodman at their first interview, "that Mexico is the only country in the world that supports not one but two institutions devoted solely to experimentation in the techniques of art?")

Mr. Rodman loves Mexico and the Mexicans, obviously, but sees them candidly as courteous, kind, cruel and untruthful. He is an adept at reporting: he will give one outrageous political opinion juxtaposed with its complete opposite, just as he will give an estimate of one artist by another, with a gloriously contradictory estimate as near to the first as possible. For the *aficionado* of Mexico this is a good book, for he will find many places and people he already loves; for the newcomer, it is even better, for by his repeated juxtapositions and contradictions, Mr. Rodman really gives something of the unique flavor of this land where neither priests nor religious may wear their habits in public, yet where there are more first-rate new Catholic churches than in all Europe; where the greatest Mexican artist of all time (Rodman puts Orozco above Cézanne) got thirty-two dollars a month for painting for the University of Guadalajara frescoes that compare, in importance (and in size) with the Sistine Chapel's Michelangelos; where the average wage (outside of Mexico City) of a good plumber or carpenter is fifty cents a day, yet where the new rich are perhaps more ostentatiously revolting than anywhere else in the world.

Mr. Rodman seems to have almost a fixation about ex-president Cardenas, and an antipathy to Juarez, the Indian's idol. But, while he devotes much attention to the handful of pagan Indians remaining—there cannot be more than a few thousand in all—he seems not to have concerned himself at all either with contemporary religion or contemporary education in Mexico. And the two overlap at many points. Mr. Rodman movingly relates the plight of one professor at the University of Guadalajara, some of whose students survive for days on end on only coffee (being too poor to eat) and he notes the lamentable lack of books in the library of the University of Mexico and the terrible disorder of the class schedules. But that is all. He left before the students' strike of last August, and he seems to have been unaware of the terrible grievances of all Mexican students, underfed and undertaught. He never entered a school at all, nor does he mention education as one of Mexico's major problems.

Indeed, his book, for all its charm and brilliance, is more a *reportage* of the opinions of a cross-section of representative Mexicans than a study of the country. He makes no mention of the vast hydroelectric schemes (except of that of ex-President Cardenas in Michoacan, for which the government pays him ninety million pesos a year) run by the Government itself—nor of the UNESCO, F.A.O. and World Bank operations. Nor does he mention—except for a few comments by veteran José Vasconcelos—the Catholic renascence. The Revolution's success, he was told by Dr. Gamio, head of the Inter-American Indian Institute is "in the population figures. In 1910 there were fifteen million Mexicans. In 1920, as the result of revolutionary losses of life, there were fourteen million. But today there are thirty-two million. This is proof enough that the people now own the land. *They eat.* In 1920 there was barely enough for the fourteen million." The Mexican and Russian revolutions were, of course, almost contemporary, the Mexican a few years prior. Russia had a population over ninety per cent illiterate forty years ago, and now the illiteracy figures are under ten per cent. It is to be doubted whether Mexican illiteracy has decreased by any appreciable amount—from its comparable ninety per cent—in the past forty years. And how many of the thirty-two million Mexicans who *eat* do so more than once a day is another question.

Mr. Rodman is outstanding in his account of the great Mexican painters and painting. His description of his visit to Goitia, his talks with the dying Covarrubias and Rivera, are absolutely superb, and his analysis of Orozco's paintings—whether the frescoes or the easel pictures—is the best that has been done. He is more superficial with the writers. He underestimates the importance of the Revolution as a traumatic experience—similar to the Reformation in England—producing, as the war and occupation did in Italy and Japan, an extraordinary flowering. What concerns these young writers is no longer the mechanics of the Revolution—the violence, the firing-squads, the plots and counter-plots, the deals and the betrayals.

It is what Mr. Rodman consistently evades: the meaning of Mexico and the Mexicans, above all the meaning of Mexico *for* the Mexicans. No people is truly adult until it has digested its whole history, assimilated the horrors, the shame, no less than the glory. An

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Englishman must be as conscious of St. Thomas More as of Latimer and Ridley, must see himself as the inheritor of the Black and Tans and the massacrers of Glencoe no less than of Drake and Philip Sidney. And so today's young Mexicans must absorb the murder of Madero as well as Hidalgo and Maximilian: and this process of total assimilation is what they are achieving.

Mr. Rodman is more than a little naive in expecting the Mexicans to share the American attitude to Communism. Not even the Europeans—not even the British—do that. Indeed, the only sentiment, the only passion in the world comparable with American anti-Communism is Communist anti-Americanism. But that does not mean that many Mexicans are pro-Communist. Probably the artists Mr. Rodman met, like Siquieros, are the most vociferous of those who are, and the most numerous. For most Mexicans, Communism is as distasteful as *yanqui* imperialism —both are foreign, both predatory. Mr. Rodman does not seem to have felt the profound Christianity of Mexico where six million women belong to Sophia del Valle's equivalent of the National Council of Catholic Women, and where public worship is as much a part of the national temperament as it is in India.

Mr. Rodman knows no Spanish to speak of, and is completely uninterested in the religion of most Mexicans. He is, however, a good liberal, and is at his best when trying to interpret the Revolution to Anglo-Saxons. He is creditably unshocked by his wife's bull-fighting juvenile friends' stealing his razor and lighter, and properly grateful for the average Mexican's infinite courtesy and civility. He gives up too easily on small problems he could easily have solved. These are a couple of small examples: the gorgeous orange flowering vine he didn't know was most likely the wild trumpet-flower; the beehives in the fields are not extraordinary—they belong to one firm which sets them down all over the country. But these are tiny flaws in a *muy simpatico* book.

Quest for Justice

A TIME TO SPEAK. By Michael Scott. Doubleday. $4.50.

By NED O'GORMAN

THE QUEST for justice is a journey and books about men's quest for justice tend to be travel books; I think the Old Testament and the lives of Charles de Foucauld and St. Teresa are travel books. Michael Scott's love has driven him to tramp the world where men have received him with terrible tolerance and brutal anger. His love for the native men and women of South West Africa has come to be his reason, his mind and his priesthood. Through his eyes we witness the nature of love and justice in our world, and the reality Michael Scott sees and the love he bears to it are beam and nail of a political history. This book is a parable of justice.

The government of the Union of South Africa has decided that the black native, whose land they live upon and whose bodies they command, will remain servants, torn from their land, subjected to police guardianship and doomed to suffer gradual desolation and enervation. The men of the African tribes, the Hereros, the Berg Damaras and the Hottentots, must live in the filth and darkness of native reservations, where the land, sterile and alien, is aprowl with police too vigilant in their pursuit of "justice." These men must raise their families in a society led by men of racist passions who have determined that the native will be silenced and if possible brought to nothing.

It is the law and the government that create the terror. These two realities of social existence in the hands of the just governor bring freedom and peace; in the hands of the unjust governor they bring slavery and the oppressive state. The government of the Union of South Africa during the years it has bedded down in that beautiful land has used law and government and the language of "patria" to bring their own to power, and the native, who has no whips to fight

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whips, nor guns to fight guns, must bide his time in the hope of some help for the great free world beyond him.

This book is about Michael Scott's journeys from the banks of the river Itchen in England to Bombay; to Johannesburg; to the Durban jail; to Tobruk and the Reverend Theophilus and his brown and white hen; to Bethtel and the cries of the men in slavery there. For ten years he has made a yearly trip to the fourth committee at the United Nations to speak for 400,000 natives who hope in the free world.

It is not the vast crime of racial destruction that is the power of this book. The crime is great, but the patience and dignity of the victim is greater.

It is difficult to write about a book that is a bare account of action. The African is being set upon by a strong government. A man saw this and acted. In a prose that is full of the poetry and statistics of sorrow (there *is* proof of men's misery) a priest and his flock create an account of action and vocation that must make us ponder Christ's command to works and love.

It is remarkable what occurs in a life of action guided by love. I think of the words of Charles de Foucauld: "When one can suffer and also love, one can do almost anything, even things which in this world seem impossible."

Sting of Conscience

YOUNG LOVE. By Johannes Allen. Knopf. $3.50.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

IF THERE is anything regrettable about Johannes Allen's novel it is its title. Mr. Allen, a Danish writer, has made a film from this book, and there is a marked possibility that he was a little preoccupied with its future in the art houses when he adopted this title. And, parenthetically, we may be confident that when the picture

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reaches Broadway the exhibitor will suggest all that the title might imply.

That is just the trouble with the title, it savors of *those* facts, suggests either the lowest common denominator or at best an author conjuring eclectic images of the primrose path, scrabbling for moralistic generalizations and composite heroines to model them. Yet all of this is remote to Mr. Allen's scheme.

Helen is the girl who in *Young Love* delivers herself of what she is determined will be a completely honest account of her first loves, which she is surveying from the philosophical vantage of age nineteen. The first occurred one halcyon summer at her parents' seaside cottage when she was but a tender if uninhibited sixteen, whilst the second took place after she had turned a somewhat wiser seventeen. Helen had her store of emotive dreams and fantasies, but her attitude toward sex was "realistic"; she felt she must experience it with the full volition and participation of her entire being, else risk being permanently warped by it. But once possessed by her passion for her first lover, the classically molded Francis, she became duped into believing the thrill could last; it seemed so right that it must never end. It ended after a few days when she came upon Francis making the same kind of intense love to her closest friend, the predatory Birthe.

Her next lesson in a precocious sentimental education comes, logically, during the following autumn school term when she meets Benny, a self-styled child of the atomic age, a jazz-trumpeting madcap with whom there is a dull moment never. Helen's parents know little of the private life she has been living, although they have begun to suspect her activities. The family is comfortable and active and her parents, though indulgent, have never found much time for her. Moreover, Helen has secretly known for some time that her mother has a lover and her father a mistress, which makes confiding in them unthinkable. Even when they are in the same room together it seems to her the two of them are talking to each other on the telephone.

The ineluctable showdown comes when her father and mother tactlessly and in a sense superficially give voice to their foreboding. The chasm between them is thereupon deepened, and when later the parents resolve on a divorce it appears unbreachable. Yet this is not somehow in the nature of the case, for at length their broken home brings them all together on friendlier terms than before.

This is a small-scale, impressionistic, episodic work of almost skeletal selectivity; but the episodes, such as the scene between Helen and her parents, without benefit of shock injections, can ring with electric vibration and the impressions can be poetic. It is tiresome of the jacket to render the narrator's attitude as amoral. This is negative comment on the author's powers of detachment; for since in the musings of the young woman the sting is always of conscience, it is as much as to commend the author for turning her against her own nature. Quite to the contrary, it is clear enough that he is evoking her character as he reveals her nature. And he knows well that there is no psychological justification without a moral corollary.

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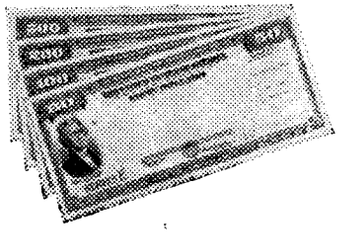

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